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Italians, Greeks and Latins, raedievals and barbarians, fancifuls and reals, all have a dash of Elizabethan English men in them, but not Othello.

Booth's Othello was very helpful to my Desdemona.

It is difficult to preserve the simple, heroic blindness of Desdemona to the fact that her lord mistrusts her, if her lord is raving and stamping under her nose! Booth was gentle in the scenes with Desdemona until *the* scene where Othello overwhelms her with the foul word and destroys her fool's paradise. Love *does* make fools of us all, surely, but I wanted to make Desdemona out the fool who is the victim of love and faith; not the simpleton, whose want of tact in continually pleading Cassio's cause is sometimes irritating to the audience.

My greatest triumph as Desdemona was not gained with the audience but with Henry Irving! He found my endeavours to accept comfort from logo so pathetic that they brought the tears to his eyes. It was the oddest sensation when I said ^{<4} Oh, good lagoon, what shall I do to win my lord again ? " to look up—my own eyes dry, for Desdemona is past crying then—and see Henry's eyes at their biggest, luminous, soft and full of tears! He was, in spite of lago and in spite of his power of identifying himself with the part, very deeply moved by my acting. But he knew how to turn it to his purpose : he obtrusively took the tears with his fingers and blew his nose with much feeling, softly and long (so much expression there is, by the way, in blowing the nose on the stage), so

that the
audience might think his emotion a fresh
stroke of
hypocrisy.

Every one liked Henrys Iago. For the
first time in
his life he knew what it was to win
unanimous praise.
Nothing could be better, I think, than Mr.
Walkfey's¹

* **Mr. A. B. Walkley**, the gifted dramatic critic of
Tto Times,